The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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Poetry.

NO AND YES.

I.

I watched her at her spinning,
And this was my beginning
Of wooing and of winning.

II.

So cruel, so uncaring,
So scornful was her bearing,
She set me half-despairing.

III.

Yet sorry wit one uses,
Who loves, and thinks he loses
Because a maid refuses.

IV.

Love prospers in the making
By help of all its aching,
And quaking, and heart-breaking.

V.

A woman's first denying
Betokens her complying
Upon a second trying.

VI.

When first I said, in pleading,
"Behold my love lies bleeding,"
She shook her head unheeding.

VII.

But when again I told her,
And blamed her growing colder,
She dropped against my shoulder.

VIII.

Then, with her eyes of splendor
She gave a look so tender,
I knew she would surrender.

IX.

So down the lane I led her,
And while her cheek grew redder,
I sued outright to wed her.

X.

Good end from bad beginning!
My wooing came to winning!
And still I watch her spinning!

THEODORE TILTON.

COMPENSATION.

I.

After the night the morning's dawn,
Paling and blushing with pearl and rose;
The greenest, sunniest fields are born,
Fruit of the high-piled winter snows.
After the storm the rainbow gleams,
Filling with beauty the heavenly dome;
'Neath lowering clouds the sunlight streams;
After the voyage is rest at home.

II.

There is no sorrow, no pain of life,
But bears from its anguish something sweet;
Past the long hours of weary strife
Comes victory with her snowy feet.
Through death is life; each pain and loss,
Each grief we bear, is a heavenly prize;
By his long anguish on the cross,
Christ won our rest in Paradise.

III.

Then count not lost the hopes that fall,
Like leaves in autumn, one by one,
Nor deem the light is vanquished all,
As the dark, dreary night wears on;
You shall know at last that loss was gain,
That through your weary, toilsome way,
As you saw the stars in your life-sky wane,
The night was leading to heavenly day.

Our Special Contributors.

ENGLISH NOVELS UPON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY G. F. BELL.

YAXLEY AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD. By Anne Isabella Robertson.

Although we have delayed reviewing this novel of Miss Robertson's to the last, we understand that it was really one of the first she wrote. It came out in the *Dublin University Magazine*, having been going through that periodical for twelve months, and meeting with much success. It was republished immediately in three volumes, and was considered by many reviewers to belong to the sensational class of novel; but it differs from that class in one point at least, being of the purest, most moral type of fiction. There is, perhaps, more of poetry, more of exquisite landscape-painting, more of the quiet rural homes of England, depicted in this book than in any other of the author's. The tale opens with a description of a stern winter night:

"One of those winter nights common to the English climate; the sky deep blue; myriads of stars twinkling down upon the hard earth; frost thick upon window panes, and white upon roadside hedges; street puddles frozen; ice everywhere abroad."

Upon this night three of the principal persons in the story are introduced to us: the poor German teacher, Paul Stutzer; his little daughter, Lizette, who is the heroine, and the noble youth, Dillon Crosbie, who is by far the most perfect hero ever created by the writer. Indeed, we do not think she has made any woman his superior in kindness of heart, high courage, or generosity. He is a fine specimen of what a gentleman ought to be, and yet not unnatural—above all, not priggish, like the usual heroes of English women writers. Dillon Crosbie can be humorous, and enjoy a joke; he is brave and pure, frank and magnanimous, with a good temper and great capability of endurance. He is described in the opening chapter, when he comes to get his German lesson from Paul Stutzer, as

"A boy about thirteen, tall for his years, wearing a jacket of blue cloth rather too small for him; his trousers, also, were shorter than they needed to be, exposing some inches of white stocking above a pair of large coarse shoes. The face of the lad was flushed, and not over clean, an ink mark streaking one glowing cheek; his curly hair rose in luxuriant disorder over his forehead, and in one red hand, hacked and disfigured by many a gash and scratch, he held a somewhat worn book."

He is thus poorly dressed, because he is dependent on an uncle named Pilmer, whose wife treats him unkindly, grudging him both food and clothes, though she has plenty of money. To make up for this, however, his cousin, Bessie Pilmer, is devotedly attached to him, loving him and quarreling with him quite like a sister. In spite of her haughtiness and many other faults, Bessie is a noble creature, whom the reader is sure to like and admire and mourn for when the sad story of her life is told. In our opinion, she is far more interesting than the more gentle, perfect Lizette Stutzer, whom, no doubt, we ought much to prefer.

Mrs. Meiklam, of Meiklam's Rest, is likewise a fine specimen of an English lady, doing good among her tenants and dependents. We are told that

"In many ways, Mrs. Meiklam had proved herself the orphan's friend. How many men and women, now advancing in years, heads of comfortable households, could tell their children at Yaxley and in its neighborhood that the worthy lady at the Rest had set them up in life—saved them from a vagrant's life, perhaps, by her bounty and her kindness. Many there were, indeed; and some further away than Yaxley—away in distant climes, hard-featured men, with weather-beaten faces—who, if they choose, could say, 'She taught me the prayers that I think of now in the hour of sickness or danger. The remembrance of her comes into my mind when I see a comrade lying on the battle-field, or flung into a grave in the dark, wild sea.'

"Thank God, we have many such women in our land, whose works will live long after them, and whose influence will be felt from generation to generation, when their own names are clean forgotten, blotted from the page of the world's record, but standing eternally in letters of gold in the Book of Life. Such women, walking in their various spheres, are as living illustrations of the New Testament, carrying conviction and faith to the hearts of the skeptical and ignorant, whom words, without actions, seldom can impress. Dillon Crosbie and Bessie Pilmer had been since early childhood especial favorites of Mrs. Meiklam; they were often invited to her house, and always welcome. There is no doubt that the happiness of children much depends upon fruit, and Mrs. Meiklam always had the rosiest apples, even after they were long out of season elsewhere; and then there were such peaches, such plums, such nectarines, in the great fruit gardens at Meiklam's Rest, where young people could well lose themselves among bushes and trees."

This kind old lady adopts Lizette Stutzer at her father's death, and brings her to live with her at the quaint old mansion of the Rest; and thus the daughter of the poor German teacher is brought up in comfort and refinement, living there till she is seventeen, when Mrs. Meiklam suddenly dies, apparently leaving no will, as none can be found, so that poor Lizette Stutzer is left utterly unprovided for.

The most interesting part of her story now begins; and the wicked steward of Mrs. Meiklam, Luke Bagley, plays a dark part in the tale. Tom Ryder's persecuting courtship of Lizette is amusingly described, and many of the persons in the Yaxley neighborhood interest the reader. Dillon Crosbie goes into the army, and becomes a very handsome, gentlemanly hero, but still possessing all the noble

qualities of his boyhood. His cunning aunt, Mrs. Pilmer, tries to make mischief between him and Mrs. Meiklam, who had thrown out hints of leaving him her property, and contrives to separate them for years: first, by sending Dillon away from Yaxley to a school in Germany, and afterwards by preventing him visiting her before he goes with his regiment to the West Indies. These intricacies of the story are skillfully interweaved, and keep the reader in suspense.

Among the characters in the booth who stand out the most vividly are Mrs. Pilmer and her daughter Bessie, Dillon Crosbie, and Mrs. Meiklam. Of Bessie, we are told that

"Although generally merry, she had, even when little more than a child, moments of utter despondency that no one knew of but herself. Wayward, petted, spoiled, as she was, there existed nothing more, apparently, to wish for than she possessed; but, most certainly, peace did not reign in her heart at all times. She possessed one of those spirits which, owing to the past and present state of society, have rendered, and still continue to render, their possessors, if women, most unhappy. The energy that could expend itself upon nothing within the prescribed limits of the feminine sphere, wasted and burned away, desolating, rather fortifying. All women have not the same tastes, the same interests, the same ways of thinking, more than have all men. Why, then, does custom, in an age of civilization, continue to bind them down to one routine of action?"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Meiklam, one day when Bessie asked her this question, "God is working out his great plan of the world's regeneration surely, though, it may seem, slowly. Not in my time, not in your time, but in the distant future, things will be changed from their present state. In the meantime, we must only wait and watch and pray for the better and clearer understanding of human intellects. Women have their wrongs and their sufferings; but men are not without theirs also. The very mistake of women's social position affects men in their marriages and in their children. They will one day discover that their own happiness is concerned, as well as that of women, in the total change which, sooner or later, will come over existing laws and customs. Yet do not murmur, my dear Bessie, at your position. I am an old woman now, and full well I know how much of temptation and Satan's snares I have escaped by not having been born a man."

"But you are rich, Mrs. Meiklam, and I am rich too," said Bessie. "We may have little to complain of; yet how many other women there are in the world who must feel their inability to rise from poverty and obscurity to anything better. Ah, Mrs. Meiklam, the world is all wrong."

"Wrong enough, my dear. The shadow of sin is dark upon it still. Men and women suffer alike, and through each other. Never think that you or any one can separate the interests of the two sexes. What is for the good of the one is for the good of the other. Do you think that the sister can suffer, and the brother not feel the influence of it? or that the father can remain untouched by the fortune or misfortune of the daughters? When the position of women is improved, so will the well-being of men increase. Mothers who have attained their proper dignity as responsible and rational beings will be more likely to have children more noble than the present race of men and women. All will come in the good time of God's pleasure. We must wait patiently."

This prophetic speech of Mrs. Meiklam is alone sufficient to make "Yaxley and its Neighborhood" a remarkable book in the eyes of the friends of women's claims to justice, because the novel was written, we understand, when there was no shadow of what is going on now in England to further such claims. The noble workers who have risen up within the last year or two in the old country had not then thought of banding themselves together to labor for a common end, and, as it were, to help to carry out Mrs. Meiklam's prognostications. Who knows what effect even a few written words like those in a work of fiction might have upon a thoughtful reader? We might forget the name of the book; we might never know the name of the author; but the impressions of his or her words would remain on the mind long after they were read. The novelist has a great responsibility, and should, therefore, guard against spreading opinions at random, or to gain popularity by pandering to vicious prejudices. Men, in their mistaken cunning, thought it well, for their own selfish ends, to keep down and oppress women; and to make this oppression more effectual, they spread calumnies respecting women's want of intellectual capacity and moral rectitude, till generations of men and women were gulled into believing the slanders; and just men, who otherwise would have been shocked at this oppression of the other sex, were reconciled to it by crediting what they were told of women's natural want of truthfulness, frankness, or firmness of principle. The word "manly" signifying what is noble, brave, and true, is enough to tell us what was meant to be the opposite of it.

The writings of nearly all British women, and even of some among them who favor women's rights, bear the taint of the slave. You can hear the fetters clanking while you read. To the lover of freedom, the works of English male authors are not near so distasteful. Miss Robertson stands nobly out from her sister novelists; she seems to be raised above them as on a pinnacle, unshackeled herself, but beholding the rest of her sex in chains, and trying to liberate them. She is more like an American than an English woman.

The youthful feelings of Dillon Crosbie and Bessie Pilmer respecting religion are well described, and, therefore, we will give this extract:

"It is well to be able to enjoy peace in this world," said Mrs. Meiklam, thoughtfully; "and still better, if we can hope for the 'Peace that passeth understanding' in the next."

"Now the 'Peace that passeth understanding' was familiar enough, as far as the words are concerned, to the ears of Dillon and Bessie; and they were generally pretty glad when they heard them, especially in church from the lips of Mr. Hibbert, the Vicar of Yaxley, for they knew then that the service and sermon were all over, and that they were about to be emancipated from the house of prayer; but beyond that the Peace which passeth understanding conveyed no particular meaning to their minds. Their idea of religion was very vague and misty, and as of something inexpressibly dreary. They respected religious people, and looked upon them as extraordinary creatures, but no more thought of being religious themselves than of being burnt at the stake as martyrs. Their notions of piety were somehow mixed up with disagreeable things—thunders, lightnings, plagues, comets likely to burn up the earth, and other mysterious, awe-striking matters. Are there not some among us who can recollect similar feelings with regard to religion in youthful days? Some who can remember how the thick darkness of the thunder-storm, rather than the perfumed scent of flowers or the sweet summer breeze, brought up thoughts of the Creator? The terrible and avenging God of the Old Testament is still worshiped in terror by the multitude, while the Prince of Peace—founder of the new dispensation—is too often disregarded. The fear rather than the love of God reigns yet in the heart of thousands."

"Yaxley" contains much of thought and of dry, quiet humor, with more of pathos than most of Miss Robertson's works. The style is very perfect, like all her writings. During its passage through the *Dublin University Magazine*, this tale was frequently supposed by critics to be written by a man. Many also supposed it to resemble Miss Austen's works. Our own opinion is, however, that Miss Robertson's style is peculiarly her own—one devoid of affectation and conceit, clear, terse, and indicative of a thorough knowledge of the English language. That she is gifted naturally with great powers of composition and a vivid imagination cannot be doubted, inasmuch as we have been told that some of her literary productions were planned, and even accepted for publication, at an age when most young ladies are scarcely out of the nursery. British upholders of women's rights ought to be proud of such an advocate for their cause, because she is evidently endowed with attributes of the highest importance to it—being calm and logical, not carried away by enthusiasm and partiality, and undeniably gifted with a great deal of common sense. She is herself a very good example of what a woman can do intellectually. Besides writing in *Chambers' Journal* and the *Dublin University Magazine*, she has contributed to *Once a Week* and other periodicals published in Great Britain; and we trust to find fresh works coming from year to year from her pen, exposing the many injustices suffered by women in lands called civilized, until such injustices are forever swept away.

THE ANTAGONISM OF THE SEXES.

BY JANE O. DE FOREST.

Formerly we heard much of an antagonism of races, and the danger of a war of races, should the black man be enfranchised; but time has shown how mistaken and false was the supposition. Nowadays not a few men are found, especially among half-fledged but very *learned* young men, who declare that the woman movement is tending to produce an antagonism of the sexes. Because, forsooth, we object to being kept in subjection, and being treated before the law as inferior beings, these wiseacres frantically rush to the conclusion that as a class we are determined men-haters, who intend to condemn our brothers to the last. In order to maintain this idea, they not unfrequently make the astounding assertion that the majority of those in favor of "the cause" are old *maids*, who (as society has trained them to think) are always such perforce, and consequently feel a desire to revenge the neglect of the masculine half of creation. Were they at all "posted" as to the true facts of the case, they would certainly be more careful about making such statements.

Not many months ago we had the pleasure of attending a National Woman Suffrage Convention, and seeing and hearing very many of the most prominent leaders of the movement, but among them all there was but *one* maiden lady, who is, in fact, the only important representative of that much-abused class among the advocates of woman suffrage. True, she is a "host" in herself, but, after all, should not numerically be considered as balancing all of her wedded compeers. "One reason why so many of this class of reformers are likely to be, and to remain single," remarked a youthful sage, "is because men do not wish to make *such* women their wives." Retaining, as we do in spite of our strong-minded proclivities, a profound regard for the feelings of "our brethren," we do not propose calling to the confessional certain eminent young ladies who have been laboring several years for the elevation of their sex and are still unmarried. Indeed we shall do no such thing, for the pur-

pose of showing, as a pert friend remarks, why "Jack did not eat his supper?"

A young "reverend" once gravely assured us that the numerous divorces of the day were the outgrowth of our demand for suffrage, and others echo the false and libelous sentiment. The frequency of divorces is, in fact, *one* of the great evils which the woman movement, as we most firmly believe, is destined to remove in course of time. Educate woman as she should be, train her in habits of usefulness, pay her wages according to her work rather than sex, and thus make self-support as honorable in woman as man, make her in every way his equal before the law, and the necessity is removed of merely marrying for a home. For this reason alone, many women take the most solemn vows when they have no love, and sometimes no respect, for him to whom they are joined in so-called holy matrimony.

Alter the laws which have given men such power over the person, property and children of their wives—which have caused women to be mere nonentities in all civil and political relations, and simple appendages to their husbands—and the great cause of masculine oppression is removed. There is the germ of a tyrant in all human beings, and many of the homes which men have made, unfortunately for themselves, have tended to produce a rapid growth of this quality among them. It is very true that persons differ in this respect as well as in others, and that no amount of license will ever injure the character and disposition of many men; but, alas, this cannot be said of all.

The idea so thoroughly grounded in their minds in past time, that women are their inferiors and their lawful subjects, does tend, most assuredly, to produce feelings of antagonism, though not so frequent or strong as one might suppose. This can only be removed by a sundering of the bonds which still hold woman in subjection, and thus restore her to her pristine glory when she was the equal and the helpmeet of man, and not his plaything or slave.

That society, as it has existed, has caused antagonism and separations innumerable is plain to all candid inquirers; how then can any be so blinded as to be unable to see that the movement which has for its object the removal of these *causes* will also remove their effects, among which are the numerous divorces of the day.

"But," say many, "then divorce suits are more frequent now that women have more privilege and are better educated than fifty years ago, when they were entirely uneducated; therefore, it is plain that the more we do for them the more restive they are under restraints; hence if we make them entirely our equals, and grant them the suffrage, a violent antagonism will be the result; marriage will go by the board, society and religion will be overturned, and a promiscuous assemblage of free lovers and—"

Stop, good sirs, ere you lose all title to common sense, and show yourselves as only fit candidates for a *lunatic asylum*. It is astonishing when one remembers your oft-boasted, superior reasoning powers, that you should allow yourselves to be so hoodwinked by a narrow prejudice as to make so absurd a statement. Putting it in proper form it will read as follows: Woman's restiveness under tyrannical restraints in the marriage state produces divorce. Educated women are more restive than the ignorant. *Therefore, these restraints should not be removed.*

Granted, that as woman's mind has emerged from the darkness into the glad light of a Christian education, she has seen more clearly, felt more deeply, and resisted more strenuously, the wrongs to which she has been subjected, does that prove the wrong to be right, or that it has been folly to educate her? Well did the Southerners know, that only by keeping their slaves in ignorance could they keep them in quiet subjugation. They looked upon education as the touchstone of freedom, and they did not judge amiss. The ignorant and brutish will endure comparatively unmoved wrongs and insults, to resist which the educated and refined would fight to the death.—Then is this education and refinement an injury—a curse, instead of a blessing? Must women be thrust back into ignorance and darkness, because on coming to the light she sees and feels her needs and capacities, and the legal trammels which repress and strive to crush them? *Never* shall this thing be while a just and wise Being rules on high.

"But antagonisms and resistances are the result of this enlightenment, and shall we give you yet further liberty?" Most emphatically *yes*; remove all these wicked restraints—these relics of a reign of brute force—and there will be nothing further to resist, no causes for antagonism, and a peaceful blending of all our interests will follow. Not only for woman's elevation, but for man's also, do we plead for a perfect social and political equality. Especially do we wish that the brave-hearted boys of to-day may be spared that blighting taint which has changed so many fresh young souls into mean and petty tyrants.

"We wish it distinctly understood," said one of our most eminent leaders, "that this woman question is *not* an anti-man movement. We only wish to work by him, side by side, in perfect equality."

Indeed, are we not proud to recognize as the acknowledged heads of the National Suffrage Association two of the most gifted and influential *men* of our times; and doing this, can we be said to *hate* our brethren because of their unjust laws? Do those women who advocate woman's cause, most of whom are wives and mothers, feel a hatred towards their husbands and sons—others a like feeling towards fathers and brothers. Such a supposition is too absurd to refute, though not too ridiculous to be used as an argument (!!) by those who are our determined opponents.

So far, then, from exercising a spirit of bitterness towards those who have, many of them unwittingly, dealt unjust towards us, we propose, by every fair and honorable means, to win them over to the "right" side of the question, where their cultivated powers will be used in our behalf.

DISRAELI'S PEN PORTRAITS.

BY H. C. INGERSOLL.

The author of "Lothair" deserves the thanks of women. In one book he has given us three superior *strong* women of positive character, besides several others who are respectably interesting. When we remember that in the whole works of three great writers of fiction of the present day—Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens—there is hardly one natural and strong woman of lofty character portrayed, we cannot but thank the Jew and politician, Disraeli, for the superior intuition he has shown of our sex.

It speaks well for the associates of this writer—the "meat upon which our Cæsar hath fed"—that with no effort that is apparent he has given us the noble Theodora, the devout Clara Arundel, and the well balanced Corisande, in pictures so distinct that we know they are true, and shall remember them always as we would personal friends.

We do not know that men will like this novel as much as women should. They may not enjoy the portrayal of a hero who, with all his interesting qualities, (and he has many,) is always being made or unmade by woman! The catastrophe of the hero's life is only imminent when one lovely religious woman has undue power over him. His best strength and mental growth is received from another woman, and the reader is only satisfied that the good Lothair is quite safe, when at the close of the book he is left in charge of a third woman, who is every way excellent and admirable. Is this a *fair* picture of the ways and doings of the stronger (?) sex? We should say *No*, if we had not happened to see *just such things* in real life.

There is another thing in this book which will create serious questions in many minds, viz., the sentiment which existed between Lothair and Theodora. Was it friendship? or was it love? Was it *right*? or was it *wrong*?

It was said of Madame Recamier by an appreciative admirer, that "to know her was a liberal education." Such an influence did Theodora seem to have over Lothair, ennobling and strengthening his whole nature, while he "adored" her, and willingly placed life and fortune at her disposal. Yet Theodora was a happily married woman, and the friendship between Lothair and her husband was sincere and unquestionable. Here, too, we should say, was an impossible and unnatural state of things described, if we had not happened to have seen and known such in *real life!* It seems to happen sometimes in this earthly life of ours that a bit of heaven comes down to us by way of foretaste, and that love, such as angels might feel for each other, is found to exist among mortals. That coarse and more sensual nations may "wrest" this picture of the friendship of Theodora and Lothair "to their own destruction," and find in it an apology for "free love," is *possible*, but *not* justifiable. So pure and strong an influence for good as Theodora exercised over Lothair, we could not, as his friend, wish omitted from his life. Whether his friendship for her would not, if she had lived, have made it impossible for him to love and wed any other woman, is a question which the author evades by having her die; nor can the reader easily determine how nature and fact *would* settle such a dilemma in real life.

There is another class beside women who should thank Disraeli for this novel. It is the British aristocracy. No novel that we have ever read before has made them interesting; but in these pages the nobility move, think and act like real human, tangible, natural men and women that you can both like and respect. It is said by critics that the principal characters are portraits, and we are told that an "Oxford Professor," who oc-

cupies scarcely two pages in the book has found the coat to fit him so well that he publicly puts it on, and then complains that it is extremely unjust, and fits him very badly! What wonderful power of pen-painting this writer must have, to make an "Oxford Professor" feel himself singled out by so slight a sketch! It is reported that the Marquis of Bute (Lothair) has ended the chapter of indecision which this novel portrays, by joining the Anglican church, and that so the romance, from the hand of the Jew, has proved a good Protestant tract.

As we lay down this interesting book, we feel a desire to know how far the assertion is true, that the principal characters in it are portraits. Was the pure and enchanting Theodora taken from life; or does some corner of the old politician's heart find romance enough in it to create such a being? St. Aldegonde, we think, must be a portrait, and a good one, but who is he? Who is the remarkable Phebus? so remarkable, that he *must* be a copy from life. And Pinto, has he a "local habitation and a name?" Where is the key to this vivid picture? Cannot the English critics do as much for the general reader as to name those at least whose pictures do not offend in the drawing.

We have named two classes of readers who should thank the author of Lothair. There is a third class, the Roman Catholic, who will probably little enjoy it, and should the politician and author ever need *their* votes in the future, we fear he would have to do without them. If they *can* prove that he has been unjust to them, they will probably attempt it.

"NOT AS MEN-PLEASERS."

BY MARGARET WATCHFUL.

The picture of American women drawn by the fascinating pen of Justin McCarthy in the July *Galaxy* is one of which no woman has reason to be ashamed. Modesty forbids us to say that the coloring is none too high, and the picture in every respect a just one. Perhaps the warm-hearted Irishman for a time overruled the faithful critic. However that may be, it was not necessary for one of our own nationality to correct the generous foreigner's mistake by falling into a worse one.

Listen to Richard Grant White's flattering assertions in the columns of the September *Galaxy:*

"American women abroad are frequently put to a nonplus by questions about politics which their friends there ask them, and suppose them to be able to answer as a matter of course. * * * A heavy wager might be safely laid, that of the women, old and young, present at any large social gathering in New York, Brooklyn, Albany, or Buffalo, not three in ten could tell the *name* of the governor of the state, and of the two New York Senators, and of the member of congress from *her* own district. * * * One great reason why we like the companionship of our women is because they *do not talk politics.*"

In other words, a man likes a woman, not for what she knows, but for what she does not know. If the pitiable condition described thus is actually that of the women of New York, such candor is deserving only of commendation. For no matter how humiliating such a revelation may be, it is the only effective means of reform. What astonishes the candid reader is, that an average human mind can contemplate such a spectacle of ignorance with any degree of complacency. Yet Richard Grant White, not only does this, but expresses his unbounded gratification that such a state of things really exists!

There is something almost pitiful in the persistency with which even cultivated men cling to the fleeting phantom of superiority. Remorseless civilization has robbed them of their kingdom, and now they kneel imploringly at her feet pleading for one relic of their former grandeur. It requires a higher order of mind than is generally found in men to voluntarily relinquish every vestige of an unjust authority, and lend a helping hand to those over whom was once held undisputed sway. The Blue Beard family is not yet extinct. There is still one room into which we are forbidden to look.

The tendency of woman's education heretofore has been toward detail. No influences but such as were calculated to fit her for the subordinate position assigned her were considered healthful, and the one idea uppermost in the minds of men has been, "In what position is woman most useful to us?" Physical necessities are naturally first to assert themselves, and as a consequence the perfection of the woman has been forgotten in the moulding of the wife, and the holy office of the wife has been lost in the meaner one of house-wife.

A woman's mind is not necessarily well developed when her housekeeping abilities are most thoroughly cultivated. A very low order of intellect is sufficient to comprehend the details of household duties, and so long as wife means house-wife, no amount of education for that position will insure to a woman the highest mental development of which she is capable. As a result of this system, very few women are able to generalize; and it could not well be otherwise. Their energies have all been directed to the accomplishment of small ends, and the cultivation has been in accordance with the aim. What the majority of women lack is ability to take a broad view of any subject, and the only way of acquiring this is by insisting upon the development of the mental woman, regardless of the requirements and wishes of the physical man.

The grandest and most comprehensive principles are involved in science of Government, and yet such men as Richard Grant White "like the companionship of women because they do not talk politics." In other words, they like the companionship of women, because it ministers to their own vanity, and is pleasant to them, just as stroking is pleasant to a cat.

Very few men sketch their ideal women on an equality with themselves. She may be very good and wise, a model of gentleness and virtue; but invariably the desire for superiority asserts itself, and with glaring inconsistency the pictured angel is made to bow to one a little lower than the angels.

They must know all that she knows, but human happiness is wrecked if she should rashly presume to know all that they know.

Slowly, but surely, reason and progress have hewn down the barriers which stood in the way of woman's advancement, and to-day we can afford to smile at the desperation with which man clutches his one remaining advantage.

If men would only be frank, we could pardon them; for this desire for authority in man is simply the result of a false education, and as every improvement in the character and condition of woman must advance the interests of man, one great result of woman's elevation to-day will be the partial eradication of this false desire.

Men must learn to make their selfish wishes subordinate to the mental perfection of woman, and when this is done civilization will have taken a mighty stride.

Cultivate the man or woman heart and soul, and you have made the perfect husband or wife. Begin by cultivating the husband or wife, and the man or woman is a miserable failure. A perfect womanhood produces a perfect wifehood, but a perfect wifehood is often found where womanhood is dwarfed and stunted. Bill Sykes' "Nancy" possessed every characteristic of the faithful wife, but very few of the true woman.

We have been told very prettily what pleases men. Let us hear now what pleases God: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect;" and ere long the reply will come up, clear and strong from the men of our land: "For we are glad when we are weak and ye are strong, and this also we wish, even your perfection."

THE OLD MAID OF THE PERIOD.

BY FANNY FERN.

She don't shuffle round in "skimpt" raiment, and awkward shoes, and cotton gloves, with horn side-combs fastening six hairs to her temples; nor has she a sharp nose, and angular jaw, and hallow cheeks, and only two front teeth. She don't read "Law's Serious Call," or keep a cat, or a snuff-box, or go to bed at dark, save on vestry-meeting nights, nor scowl at little children, or gather catnip, or apply a broomstick to astonished dogs.

Not a bit of it. The modern "old maid" is round and jolly, and has her full complement of hair and teeth, and two dimples in her cheek, and has a laugh as musical as a bobolink's song. She wears pretty, nicely-fitting dresses too, and cunning little ornaments around her plump throat, and becoming bits of color in her hair, and at her breast, in the shape of little knots and bows; and her waist is shapely, and her hands have sparkling rings, and no knuckles; and her foot is cunning, and is prisoned in a bewildering boot; and she goes to concerts and parties and suppers and lectures and matinees, and she don't go alone neither; and she lives in a nice house, earned by herself, and gives jolly little teas in it. She don't care whether she is married or not, nor need she. She can afford to wait, as men often do, till they have "seen life," and when their bones are full of aches, and their blood tamed down to water, and they have done going out, and want somebody to swear at and to nurse them—then marry.

Ah! the modern old maid has her eye-teeth cut. She takes care of herself, instead of her sister's nine children, through mumps, and measles, and croup, and chicken-pox, and lung fever, and leprosy, and what not.

She don't work that way for no wages, and bear toleration day and night. No, sir! If she has no money, she teaches, or she lectures, or she writes books or poems, or she is a book-keeper, or she sets types, or she does anything but hang on to the skirts of some-

body's else husband, and she feels well and independent in consequence, and holds up her head with the best, and asks no favors, and "*Woman's Rights*" has done it!

That awful bugbear, "Woman's Rights!" which small-souled men, and I am sorry to say, narrow *women* too, burlesque and ridicule, and won't believe in, till the Juggernaut of Progress knocks them down and rides over them, because they will neither climb up on it, nor get out of the way.

The fact is, the *Modern* Old Maid is as good as the Modern Young Maid, and a great deal better, to those who have outgrown bread and butter. She has sense as well as freshness, and conversation and repartee as well as dimples and curves.

She carries a dainty parasol, and a natty little umbrella, and wears killing bonnets, and has live poets and sages and philosophers in her train, and knows how to use her eyes, and don't care if she never sees a cat, and couldn't tell a snuff-box from a patent reaper, and has a bank book and dividends; yes, sir! and her name is Phœbe or Alice; and Woman's Rights has done it.—*Boston Times.*

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

VICTORIA PRESS, Sept. 3d, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The *Woman's Suffrage Journal* for September makes good use of the present opportunity, and shows the need of a feminine *plebiscite*, pointing out that the suppression of a womanly element in the councils of nations destroys the only sufficient safeguard against causeless war. "We believe," says the *Leader*, "that the combative instinct—that which fights for fighting sake, or from mere love of conquest—is much more strongly developed in the male than in the female sex. We also believe that the instinct which fights for that which it holds dear, is more strongly developed in the female sex than in the male. The type of desperate resistance is a mother robbed of her offspring. We believe that in the face of a foreign foe the women of a nation would be inspired with the most determined and self-devoted spirit. It has happened in the history of conquered nations and beleaguered cities that when the men's courage and spirit gave way, a woman has sprung to the post of danger and reanimated the fainting hosts. The maid of Orleans and the maid of Sarragossa, who, when the city was on the point of surrendering, jumped upon a gun, and vowed she would not leave it alive during the siege, are truly representative women, and their spirit lives in the deeds of many an obscure heroine, and in the hearts of all women who love their country and kindred. But while women would shrink from no sacrifice that was needed for the defence of their homes, they would never send forth their husbands and sons to desolate the homes of others. The woman's vote would put an end to offensive war."

A curious proof of the mantle of Joan of Arc having fallen upon a young German lady has just reached us. The Fraulein Minna Hansel issued an appeal to the young women of Germany, urging them to form a corps of Amazon volunteers. Fifty-three young ladies having responded to the appeal, Minna offered their services to General von Falkenstein, Governor of Hanover. That sage officer replied that he regretted he could not avail himself of their services, but that they might make themselves useful in attending to the wounded troops. This did not, however, suit Minna, who issued an order of the day disbanding the corps, on the ground that the great victories of the German armies rendered their services unnecessary.

The *Figaro* relates a story of an old woman eighty years of age who begged to be allowed to go out as a *vivandiere*. She had been out in the same capacity in the Russian campaign, where she was wounded three times, and was also at Waterloo. She says she wants to dismount a few Prussians.

At any rate, the women, from the highest to the lowest are doing what they can to mitigate the horrors of the fearful carnage consequent upon this strife between the French and German nations. Here is a picture of our English Princess Alice, taken from the letter of one who has been an eye witness of her tender deeds of charity and love:

To-day I had the privilege of visiting the principal hospital which her Royal Highness the Princess of Hesse takes under her own especial wing. Certainly, nothing can be more admirably managed. It stands in charming gardens, with their flower-beds and shrubberies, and fountains, which, as the Princess says, the Frenchmen gallantly tell her remind them of the waterworks of Versailles. The Princess says the French strongly protest against the fresh air, while the Germans, on the contrary, very sensibly welcome it as the best of specifics. She ought to be mistress of the inward sentiments of the patients, for they all seem to take her into their inmost confidence. It was worth a journey from England alone to see the faces of the sufferers lighten up as they reflected the sisterly smiles on her. As she passed along, and stopped and spoke to each, the invalid laid himself back on his pillow with an expression of absolute *bien etre*, and for the moment seemed to find something more than an anodyne for his pain. Her passing along the wards applied the most infallible of tests to the cases. If her presence did not smooth the pain wrinkles out of a man's face, or bring something like tranquility to his drawn mouth, and cause a flash of light into his eye, you were quite sure to hear he was in an extremely bad way. Nor was it with the wounded alone she seemed the animating spirit of the place. Nurses and doctors and convalescents walking about all addressed her with the same cordial familiarity—only tempered by their evident reverence and love. The theatre at Mayence is given over to preparations for the hospital service. Here at Darmstadt no small portion of the Palace is devoted to the same purpose, and the workrooms communicate directly with the Princess' apartments. This afternoon the Princess' phaeton had the back seat piled high with cushions wanted for immediate use. Every one works, every one gives, and, what is more, every one, and even the highest, retrench. The German ladies, in the extreme of their good feeling, and in their exalted sense of generosity, heap coals of fire on the heads of their enemies.

I hear that of the fifty gentlemen and fifty ladies who set out from Frankfort to minister to the wounded on the battle-fields, twenty answering to the term masculine speedily returned sickened and incapable; of the fairer half not one shrank from her self-imposed duties. Women seem to possess what is called surgical nerve, although I believe that the general experience of military hospitals in times of war is that men are, to say the least, as gentle nurses as women—more efficient, some say, in conciliating the patient to the pains and apprehensions of his hard lot. The terrible issues of humanity bring the sexes into closer union, in which they would appear to give and take of one another's qualities.

The Relief Fund in England is prospering. £60,000 has already been acknowledged by Col. Lloyd Lindsay, to say nothing of the contributions of lint, flannel bands, and material of all descriptions. A theatrical performance took place last Saturday at the Vandville in aid of the fund. Madame Ronniger has been giving readings at Hastings, and I shall have the honor of lecturing very shortly for the same purpose; for we are all anxious to give the special "ounce of help" which lies with our one peculiar promise, following out Emerson's true idea that the only gift is a portion of oneself, other tokens being cold and lifeless, because they do not represent our life. "Therefore, let the farmer give his corn, the miner a gem, the sailor coral and shells, the painter his picture, and the poet his poem."

The Queen of Prussia has addressed the following letter to M. Moynier, of Geneva, the President of the International Relief Committee:

"SIR: You will think it only a matter of course that I should express my thanks to the founders of the great Relief Society for the wounded and sick. In the space of a few years Germany, and Prussia in particular, has twice had occasion to appreciate the organization which a noble rivalry in self-denial and earnestness has called forth. If men are called to support it, it is the duty of women to take part therein, and, indeed, our women show that self-sacrifice is their noblest part. While we pray God for a durable peace, which must be the object of the great sacrifice, we feel ourselves supported by the sympathy of the society with the red cross.

"AUGUSTA, Queen of Prussia."

Mrs. Whitbread, Miss Pearson, and several other ladies are already at work among the wounded soldiers, and three members of Parliament are serving as brothers with the red cross around their arms. The *Presse* publishes the following appeal:

"Women of France and Germany! The least known of your sisters cries to you. Your patriotic tenderness solaces thousands of wounded. We might do better. Let us rise and throw our hearts and our prayers between these two nations cutting each other's throats. Antiquity shows us pagan women separating combatants with outstretched arms. We Christians, shall we do less? No more massacres! no more bodies mutilated! no more hearts torn! no more generations mowed down! The earth is drunk with the blood of our sons. Women of all countries, stretch out your hands to us from all sides. Force these people, who kill without hating each other, to love each other. If we, mothers, wives, betrothed, sisters of France and Germany, wish for peace, there will be peace. In the name of God, let us rise up, let us unite, and win this battle. It will be the supreme victory of 1870."

The news of McMahon's defeat, the Emperors's surrender, and the revolution in Paris has just reached us, and we wait with intense anxiety the events of the next twelve hours.

"Every good act," says Mohammed, "is charity." Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellowmen to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer on the right road is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does to his fellow men. When he dies people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels who examine him in the grave will ask, "What deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Dickins says: "I have known vast quantities of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."

Letters from Friends.

PLOUGHING AND VOTING.

LEBANON, N. H., SEPT. 20th.

Dear Revolution: From the beginning I have said, not because we are earnest, energetic and determined to win, not because we, physically weak, are asking aid from the physically strong, but, most emphatically, *because we are right* we shall vote.

But lo! what a response is all our persevering determinedness! Because we asked for bread, verily have some of those same strong offered us a stone: and because it is not polite to question the worth of a gift, and being really at a loss how to dispose of said stone, forgive us that we come to headquarters for information.

Just so surely as we do vote—that is, decide with the aid of our brains, or some other body's, if we seek a precedent worthy of imitation, make a vote of, and deposit the same—please tell us must we of necessity plough?

Now if you have withheld from us so important an item in the forthcoming field of labor, willfully and designedly, pray do so no longer; for from no common every-day source came our soul-startling information, but strait from our schoolmaster, and he straight from Dartmouth. Oh! oh! oh! And this—prepare to be convinced if so be it that you really were not cognizant of the fact—is the substance of his communication to my better half: "Oh, yes," he said, "I have always noticed from the beginning of my teaching that the girls learn much easier than the boys, and in fact were always ahead of them; but impossible that women vote! Why how would you like to see your wife out in the field ploughing?"

Without a single thought, dear REVOLUTION, of the ox, horse or man power requisite, I at once so far forgot myself as to let the imprisoned soul give a wondrous bound, and actually swallowed a huge mouthful of poisoned, stifling, shut-up, cook-stove house air, from that same sheer forgetfulness that I was not already in the open field, with a torn hat of straw on my aching head, and brogues for sandles, that defied all but good from the moist earth. Oh, happy thought! Why? But I must not question the dear Father's design in creating me weak of limb and muscle; but please think for me, and elucidate the matter to the best of your ability, and don't suspect for a moment there is any sham about it. All things considered, he is an able schoolmaster and fine young man, as all in this goodly town of H. can testify.

But don't be troubled, dear REVOLUTION; for if we *must* plough, why then we must, our only hope being that heaven's blest breezes, and the thought of at last doing something that really pays will so inspire our souls, that somehow strength will be added according to our necessities.

But please communicate soon, out of pure pity, and explain the connection between ploughing and voting; for the belief that we shall vote soon involves more than we are aware perhaps of plough-shares and trousers; but some sort of toggery, convenient to the occasion, must perhaps, of necessity, be forthcoming.

If we *must* plough, or not vote—without a dissenting voice, *let us plough!*

Hoping for information soon, we remain yours, most earnestly.

M. J. RICHARDSON.

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL AT EAU CLAIRE.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

Mrs. Bristol, the well-known poetess and woman's right's advocate, has been passing about two months in this city, and has twice delivered her lecture entitled "The Ideal Woman." Woman, according to the lecturer, represents the emotional element in humanity—the aspiring, the intuitive; man, the logical and executive. The idea is not particularly new, but her treatment of it deserves the praise of originality. She began with the pure transcendental conception of the soul as manifested in the different varieties of human kind. And from the fact that woman's nature was essentially emotional, she argued that no political change could ever estrange her from home duties. She claimed the ballot for woman chiefly as a means of education.

Her elocution is exceptionally good, and her terse sentences and abstract metaphysical ideas remind the hearer very much of Emerson. This is the first time a woman has advocated the cause of her sex before the citizens of this valley.

C. L. JAMES,

CAN A WOMAN KEEP A SECRET?

The *Nineteenth Century*, a periodical published in Charleston, thus treats this much mooted point:

"Men say women can't keep a secret. It is just the reverse—women can, men can't. Women carry with them secrets that would kill any man. Woman never tells; man always does. Woman suffers and dies; man blabs and lives. Man cannot keep a secret; woman cannot make it known. What is sport to the man is death to the woman. Adam was a sneak. Eve would have kept the apple a secret. Be ye faithful. Who ever heard a woman talk about her lover's *fiascos?* Everybody has heard a man gossip. Man delights in telling of his illicit conquests; woman would cut her tongue out first. Men are coarse in their club-room talk; women refined in their parlor conversation. Who ever heard of a woman telling of her lovers? Who has not listened to the dissipation of the man? Men boast; women don't. Women never tell tales out of school; men are always blabbing. So down with another old adage. Women can keep a secret, and her ability to do so is proved by the conduct of a St. John's (Newfoundland) girl, who did not tell her lover she was worth four millions in her own right until after the marriage.

A DROLL IDEA.—As two young fellows were passing up Fulton street the other day, just at the time when the congregation were leaving the "old Dutch church," after the noonday prayer meeting, one of them remarked to his companion: "That seems to be a crowd of respectable and intelligent people; they look as if they might find something better to do!"

Chicago is to open a woman's medical college this autumn.

THE SORROWS OF ACTRESSES.

One who sympathizes deeply with the profession, probably an actress herself, and well acquainted with the miseries of her class, writes the following:

The noblest of actresses, mothers, and wives, Adelaide Ristori, brought to this country a handsome, good-for-nothing husband, who, during her absence at the theatre, so conducted himself at the windows for the captivation of opposite boarding-house women, that an outraged husband had him arrested for the most shameful and disgusting practices. Many a time late at night, after her wonderful personation of Marie Antoinette or Elizabeth, I have seen her going home with a servant as escort—her son and daughter at some party, the Marquis always away till all hours. She would sit alone over her little supper, and go weary in body and soul to her bed, while those her talent supported pursued their own pleasure. One of the best actresses America ever produced toiled year after year at her profession, amassed a large property, married a poor man, and has the great reward now of passing her days in a second-class hotel, and witnessing her husband preside over a dramatic harem, and make himself famous for promiscuous love affairs. Another, who owns whole blocks of brown stone buildings, has taken to herself that desirable article—a husband. The pair, with a handsome agent, wander about the country making lots of money; the little slave flies about the stage, and the husband flies about in front, makes charming aquaintances among the country matrons, takes the little tired wife home after the performance is over, and returns—like the dutiful husband he is—to the agent to "count the house, and see all's right, you know." Oh! if Madame could see that house count, and the oysters and champagne, and the innocent lambs who assist at the counting, she would fly after a divorce on the first train to Chicago.

Poor Lucille Western saw her hard-earned thousands time after time lost at a gambling-table in a night, and bore the abuse a gambler's wife usually has to till her spirit rose, and she severed a connection that was unendurable. The amiable Mrs. Prior has dragged through fifteen or twenty years of married life—doing her housework, educating her children, and earning every dollar that was used by the family. I could fill a column with the names of these marital victims in the theatrical ranks. I am sure Charlotte Cushman, knowing as much as she does of professional unhappiness, is perfectly satisfied with her lot, though some of the ignorant sympathize with her husbandless condition.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—An act was introduced in the English Parliament, in 1670, that all women, of whatever age, rank profession, or degree, whether maids or widows, that shall from and after such act impose upon, seduce or betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetic washed, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, stand null and void.

About Women.

The King of Sweden is an advocate of woman's suffrage.

Forty thousand women are employed as outdoor laborers in England.

The most popular physician at St. Petersburgh is a woman—Madame Susloff.

Parepa-Rosa is living in sumptuous style in an Italian villa in Warwick Crescent, England.

They talk of electing a woman Superintendent of Public Instruction at Atchison, Kansas

Princess Salm-Salm has passed her examination in surgery, and gone to the field as a doctress.

Miss Lillian S. Edgerton will lecture in the Southern States. She gets $2,000 for fifteen lectures.

Mrs. Oliver Ellsworth, well known as an author by her maiden name, Mary W. Janvrin, died at Malden, Mass., on the 12th, aged 39.

The villa recently purchased at New Hartford, Conn., by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has been christened Gretchen Cottage, Brookside.

The women teachers at the recent meeting of the Crawford County (Ind.) Institute, signed a pledge not to wear corsets for one year.

A Mrs. Spinner, of Massachusetts, has formed a limited partnership with her husband for the manufacture of shoes. The lady pays in $5,000.

Geo. Wm. Curtis, Anna Dickinson, Rev. W. H. Murray, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and John B. Gough have been engaged to lecture in Charlestown, Mass.

Women's rights were discussed at the recent session of the Sandwich Islands' Legislature, and an act was introduced proposing to give the women of every district a representative, but it was defeated.

The sixtieth anniversary of the death of Queen Louisa, who died of a broken heart in consequence of the humiliation of Prussia by Napoleon Bonaparte, did not pass unobserved in Germany this year.

Among those who took part in the late female suffrage convention in Hartford, were Rev. Mrs. Olympia Brown, Rev. Mrs. Hanaford, Rev. Miss Graves, Mrs. Dr. English, Rev. Garry Haskell, and many others.

The Queen of Prussia has forwarded two gold medals to Coblenz, to be handed over to the author and composer of the song of the "Guard on the Rhine," which has become the great war song on the German side.

Thirty ladies of the wealthiest families have connected themselves with the foundling branch of the San Francisco Lying-in-Hospital. Within a few months past thirty-seven children have come under their care to be provided for.

Miss Stocker, of Boston, has left a legacy of $5,000 to the Assistant Bishop of Ohio, in trust for the education of young men for the ministry. Let the women leave their money for the benefit of men, if the men will leave their's for the benefit of women. A fair exchange is no robbery.

A woman not far from Atchison, Missouri, whose husband had just been buried by the Masonic fraternity, said to a friend, in giving an account of the obsequies, "Oh, you ought to have been there; we had a splendid time!"

Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie was a Swedenborgian, and a firm believer in spiritual manifestations. She used to assert most seriously that in all her trials, after her first husband's decease, she was in direct communication with him, and that he guided all the important actions of her life.

Mrs. J. C. Gates received twelve votes in the Republican Convention for Black Hawk County, Iowa, for nomination for County School Superintendent, in spite of her declination to serve. Mrs. Gates has been acting superintendent for several months, and has given great satisfaction.

A cynical old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" To which the lady responded calmly, "Sir, I hold my tongue."

Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper, the authoress, has returned to Philadelphia from her European tour. She was in Paris from the time of the declaration of war till the fifteenth of August, and the fruits of her observation and experience during that eventful period will doubtless be given to the public in due season.

Miss Hosmer is busy in her studios superintending the boxing of a beautiful fountain which stood in her front studio room. It goes to its owner, the Earl of Brownlow, England. Its place is supplied by a plaster model. Next winter, visitors to her studio will see the Queen of Naples' fine statue, the Everett monument, the Letchworth monument, the Walking Faun, and many other things.

A daughter of Mr. Samuel Colville, of the Olympic Theatre, Boston, is studying for the operatic stage under Prof. Reinecke, of Leipsic. She has also enjoyed the tuition of Wartel at Paris, and is said to have developed extraordinary gifts. If the war should prevent her debut in Paris, she will be introduced to the stage in this country next Autumn.

Marie Seebach, the German tragedienne, who has just arrived in this country, will shortly make her debut before a New York audience as *Marguerite*, in Gœthe's "Faust." The German critics speak highly of her personations. Her range of characters is unusually extensive, and she attempts the most ambitious parts in English and German drama. She will follow with *Marie Stuart*, *Elizabeth*, and other parts.

The New York *Globe* says: "Female reporters are getting to be quite common. Besides Miss Middy Morgan for the *Times* of this city, and Miss Hutchinson for the *Tribune*, some of the New England papers employ women to pick up the news. At the recent Female Suffrage Convention held in Hartford Miss Russell, reporter for the New Haven *Courier* and Springfield *Republican*, made a speech, while Miss Burr, of the Hartford *Times*, acted as secretary of the association." To this list of women reporters we add the name of Miss Sarah Joy, of the Boston *Post*, whose account of the Butler-Ames' marriage was quite a reportorial master-piece.

A WOMAN IN TROUBLE.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* writes to that journal:

"The arguments used by the friends of suffrage, although logical and plausible, have never had any weight with us until very recently, prejudiced against them as we were at the outset by the loose ideas expressed upon the subjects of divorce and marriage by some advocates of the elective franchise whom we have known. Recently, however, some of the most able and distinguished of the leaders in this movement have, through the columns of the *Revolution*, the *Woman's Advocate*, and the *Woman's Journal*, distinctly denied that they had any desire or wish looking towards the abrogation of marriage. We knew that the women thus defining their position, and removing from themselves the suspicion that they favored "free love," were honest, fearless, and above all suspicion of practicing any of the objectionable theories charged against them; and so, when we heard and read that they were sound upon the marriage question, we began to look with more interest into the arguments which were advanced by them in favor of political rights for women. We began to feel that many of the disabilities under which our sex labors might be abolished if the right to vote were given to them, and slowly, but surely, we were coming to think that these women from whom we had held aloof for so long had found the key to the solution of the woman problem. But we have gone back deeper into the mire of old fogyism than ever. We are again intensely conservative, and we are conscientiously opposed to political rights for women, if those rights can never be obtained "until the marriage mummery which gives her to man is abolished!" This is the utterance of Mrs. Norton, given to the world through *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. Mrs. Norton is prominent among the strong-minded sisterhood, and she may be regarded as a competent expounder of the private views of the individuals comprising the Suffrage party, although they may repudiate her as their public mouthpiece.

"From our personal knowledge of the first agitators of this movement, we can assert that the opinions which Mrs. Norton expresses as being her own and those of her co-workers are precisely those which we detected, and which we were alarmed by twenty years ago. We demand for this *expose* a wide circulation by the press; for we would have all women to know the true doctrine of the leaders in this movement, and we would not have them subscribe to a creed every article of which they are not familiar with.

"In response to Mrs. Norton's letter, which we have copied and commented on, we find one in *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, from Professor Wilcox of Washington, protesting against Mrs. Norton as properly representing the feelings of the woman's rights people. Professor Wilcox is a very intelligent and honest exponent of the views held by the majority of the advocates of woman suffrage, and he is horrified at the assertion that they seek to abolish the sacred relation of marriage."

All this is simply absurd. What, after all, has this discussion of the views of individuals on social subjects to do with the question of female suffrage?

According to the statement of this writer herself, the majority of the leaders of the woman's suffrage movement believe in marriage, and she seems to have canvassed them pretty thoroughly.

No doubt there are differences of opinion among the advocates of the franchise for woman on this as on other subjects. Some of them are conservative in religion; others radical. Even in political theories, some affiliate with the Democrats, and some with the Republicans. But all these matters are of merely private and personal interest, and have nothing to do with the main question at issue, which is this—Should women have the ballot in a land where the constitution declares that it "derives its just powers" only "from the consent of the governed?"

Common sense teaches that the question of suffrage for woman should be decided singly, and on its own merits, unhindered by other matters which are entirely foreign to it.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.

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A CHANGE IN THE ASPECT OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

A correspondent who has a natural eye for the bright side of things, and who, like the Vicar of Wakefield, can ordinarily say, "No man has a greater knack at hoping than I," nevertheless writes to us in a tone of half-despair, that in her judgment the cause of woman suffrage is dead; and she wants to know if this is not also our opinion.

Yes, exactly. The cause of woman's suffrage *is* dead. It is as dead as a seed of spring wheat buried in a ploughed field in May-time. We acknowledge the fact. But what of it? "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." If the cause of woman's suffrage were not now dead, it would never have hope of resurrection. All reforms have their times and seasons. We can remember the day when the anti-slavery movement was dead; yet that great reform has since emerged into perennial life, like Pollok's morning star that melted away in a sun-lit sky. Lycidas, in the poem, "sank low, but mounted high." Mr. Gladstone, only a year or two ago, closed an eloquent speech over the defeat of household representation by a magnificent prophecy that the overthrown bill would arise and triumph. It has since arisen and triumphed. We are always glad of every prophecy of disaster to the woman's cause, for the darkest hour is always just before the dawn.

When a great idea is once dead, and the sentinels over its sepulchre have gone to sleep, then be sure that it will step forth in the night, like Peter from his prison, and astonish the world with sudden evidence of divine life.

We will not venture to indulge in any too extravagant expectations, nor do we pretend to any gift of prophecy, but there is a stirring in our blood which tells us that the cause of woman's enfranchisement is approaching its triumph. Its herald sun is climbing up underneath the earth, and is soon to appear above the horizon, gladdening the nations with a new day. The French republic was born in a day—woman's enfranchisement may be born in an hour. One of our strong reasons for this belief is what our correspondent calls the evidence of its present death. A wise poet has taught us to say,

"There is no death; what seems so is transition."

The woman's suffrage movement is not passing into death, but into transition. It is on the point of

"a change
Into something rich and strange."

Indeed, a movement which in itself is as broad, fundamental and comprehensive as human nature itself, yet which has heretofore been generally described as having reference mainly to the exercise of the elective franchise by woman, has been so narrowly and inadequately treated by its popular expositors as to be in danger of being put to death in the house of its friends. One would suppose, for instance, from reading the *Woman's Journal*—and let us say that we criticize that paper with the kindliest of feelings—that the sum and substance of the woman question consisted in woman's demand for the ballot.

Now, we believe that woman has just as good a right as man to the ballot. But we believe also that when she gets it she will get no more by it than man has got in the same way. To put woman on a political equality with man will be one of the greatest achievments of human history. But the woman question does not stop there. What does man's suffrage teach him concerning the fundamental problems of human life? What will woman's suffrage teach her of the elemental mysteries of the human heart?

What the nineteenth century calls the woman's movement disdains any such meagre ultimatum; as those advocates ask for, also ask we, for suffrage. Woman wants more than suffrage. In getting the elective franchise she will achieve only her political, not her social freedom. She wants something beyond the ballot and its attendant blessings. She wants freedom of mind and person; freedom to work out for herself a career, unbiased by any man calling her master; freedom to think her own thoughts, and to shape her own destiny; freedom to educate herself according to her natural bent, untrammeled by the schools; freedom to choose a congenial employment, and to earn a living at it; freedom to marry, and to be mistress of herself after marriage; freedom to freely sunder a yoke which she has freely bound; freedom to all that pertains to her physical growth, to her intellectual stimulus, to her social ties, and to her moral aims.

The truth is, that woman is just beginning, after centuries of sleep, to awake to a consciousness of the live nature with which she has been endowed by her Creator. A woman who is not now ashamed of the general enslavement and degradation of her sex is unworthy to belong to it. And a woman who, awaking partially from the prevailing apathy of her sisterhood, has no better wish for her sisters than that they may clutch the suffrage, and divide it as a political prize with men, has a very faint and inadequate idea of the dignity with which our Heavenly Father invested woman in endowing her with her womanhood.

The negro now has the suffrage. But is he content with this? No. He wants education, property, and a career. What if woman had the suffrage? Would she be content with this? God forbid. It would, we hope, only increase her discontent. A woman's soul is as great as man's; so her soul's wants are as multitudinous as his. And the woman question, truly considered, means, not merely woman's aspiration for civil freedom, but her aspiration for every other kind of freedom. Political enfranchisement touches us only in our general relations. There is an individual freedom which woman craves, and which, when she gets it, will be so great a boon to her that for the sake of it she would willingly live in a governmental despotism. For instance, marriage, as our laws now define and administer it, is a prison-house to ninety wives out of every hundred. What compensation is the general freedom of the state to a woman who is in individual bondage at home?

Now the reason why, to some persons, the woman's movement seems dead, is because to such persons it is a mere movement for suffrage; and ninety women out of every hundred do not care so much for political as for personal freedom.

We hold, therefore, that the general tone of some recent writers on the woman question, and who seem to have elicited Mrs. Stowe's commendation, is such as to help to kill, rather than to keep alive, the woman's movement.

Women know their own wants; and they know that they do not want suffrage a thousandth part as keenly as they want a reform of the marriage and divorce laws, and a general re-adjustment of the family relations. Sensible women, when asked to enforce their claims to the elective franchise, smile and say in words: "Yes, this is good; this is a means to an end; this is the A of the alphabet; but our ultimatum is far beyond all this shallowness; it lies as deep as the profoundest depths of human desire."

It is the woman question considered only in its superficial aspects that is dead. The first or superficial phase is dying to give place to the second or permanent. In other words, woman's demand for mere political enfranchisement is giving place to her more comprehensive demand for universal emancipation. The old question is beginning to die; the new beginning to live. "Ring out the old; ring in the new."

THE TIMES ON MRS. HOWE'S PROTEST.

It is a little singular that the same pen that wrote "The Battle Cry of Freedom," which rang like a clarion through the land when our own great struggle was in progress, should now be employed to indite a protest against war.

The *Times*, in an editorial of a column, notices the fact that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has issued a call for a convention of women to put down strife and bloodshed upon the battle-field, showing their horror and detestation of it by every possible means. Puerile as the *Times* seems to consider this effort, it still has a deep moral significance. Mrs. Howe's protest must be made against unholy wars, waged solely in the interests of despotic rulers, and where the people have nothing to gain, and every thing to lose. The time has gone by for defending war simply as war. The moment it ceases to be backed by a great principle, based on eternal justice and right, it descends to butchery.

This is the *Times'* view of the case:

"Paradoxical as it sounds, the very improvement which is going on in human character helps to perpetuate war. The more conscientious, public-spirited and self-sacrificing people become, the nobler the aspect war assumes in their eyes, and when they make it, the more earnestly and determinedly it is waged. Nobody who has closely watched the popular feeling in any country about any of the great wars of the last forty years can doubt this. Men put their very best qualities into war, in our day, more than their worst. The holiness of war, and the nobleness of the men who engage in it, and the strength of their claims on the gratitude of their countrymen, were never more talked of, or more deeply felt."

The moral sense of the world pronounces emphatically against this decision in all cases

where war is not waged from the dire necessities of national existence. Our own late war of the rebellion, in contrast to the strife going on at present in Europe, fully demonstrates the truth of this position. The conflict which the wicked ambition of Napoleon precipitated, and which freights the ocean breezes with cries from the starving peasantry of Alsace, and the ominous boom of cannon from beleaguered Strasbourg, excites only passionate anger in the minds of right-judging people. As the *Times* says, when deeds of heroism are flashing before our eyes we lose sight of the field of carnage, but there comes an ominous afterthought of innocent blood spilled in a needless strife.

Horatius and the grand battle figures which the *Times* cites belong to poetry and the past. We are living in the grim prose of the present, and governed by the moral standards of our own day; and to a well-regulated modern mind, nothing but injustice and crime striving to subvert the right can excuse war.

We believe this is partially, if not wholly, Mrs. Howe's view of the case. We are glad she has made this call for a peace convention of women. More and more, the moral sentiments and convictions of enlightened women will tell upon the great issues of the world; and it is due partly to the fact that they have so long been buried out of sight that the practices of barbarous war continue.

WHY WOMEN ARE BACKWARD.

The *Saturday Evening Mirror*, published at Indianapolis, in its issue of September 17th, devotes nearly a column and a half to a refutation of what it calls "Mrs. Morrison's admirable letter in THE REVOLUTION." The fair, moderate, and, in many respects, just attitude which the *Evening Mirror* assumes towards the woman question renders the fallacies of the above-mentioned article all the more honied and dangerous. While acknowledging that the agitation of woman's rights has contributed largely to crowd the professions with female aspirants, and to enable women to carry on business in all its branches, it still flings back the old, hackneyed, worn-out taunt that woman is her own worst enemy—that she stands in her own sunlight, and, from slavish obedience to the conventionalities of the world, puts a clog in the wheel to stay every effort which her nobler sister may be making for emancipation. The dreary assertion is again and again made "that the right of suffrage to-day is tied fast by woman;" that "ninety-nine out of a hundred care nothing about suffrage, don't ask it, don't want it, dislike it, are at least indifferent to it."

The fallacy lies just here: women, in the present state of society, like and approve what men wish them to like and approve; so long as they hear their male relatives sneer at strong-minded women, they will take good care to keep themselves free from the leprous taint. So long as their male relatives, friends and lovers prefer to see them frivolous, ignorant, in a state of abject dependence upon masculine intellect, rather than awakening to a knowledge of their own capabilities, in order to keep male supremacy intact, they will kiss the bonds, and toy with the fetters, and vow a hundred times over that they prefer slavery to freedom.

It is seemingly impossible, and perhaps undesirable, that there should be any wide-spread revolt among ordinary women against the influence of men's opinions. The majority of them could sooner dash themselves against the pikes for and with men, than go against men even in defiance of a sneer.

For this reason, the cause of woman makes war upon the hoary, venerable prejudices of men. Let every other man in the community advocate suffrage for women, and high-born and low-born, rich and poor, wise and simple, among their sisters, wives, and daughters, would clamor at the polls. It does well for men to sit back in self-satisfied complacency, and tell women to take the places in the world which they demand to have given them, while those very women know that men will meet their honest efforts for work and development with a gibe—would put them down to a certain place, in their estimation, the moment they know they had gone a little one side or the other of the beaten track to secure bread, or to keep themselves from stultification. Women-workers in every department of labor ask the hearty, generous, unqualified sympathy of men; and the reason they so often fail or faint is because they are not strong enough to live without it.

A MODERN PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

John Bunyan's House Beautiful is eclipsed; it has a rival, and a rival before which it must hide its diminished head, if we may credit the account which the enraptured reporter of the New York *World* gives of this modern Palace Beautiful, with its "swinging censers of exotic perfume, its purple velvet curtains, gold chandeliers, *Kilkenny* marbles," whatever they may be, and "wondrous dome," which the reporter informs us is "hollow and all frescoe work and gilt, with beautiful images and florid scroll-work, classic decoration, and grotesque picturings. On looking up, one's eyes are blinded or entranced by a flood of light beaming through a circular sheet of glass, painted in the most exquisite colors, and with inimitable grace. On its surface the artist has pictured the loves of Venus in delicate lines. The purity of the coloring, the harmonious grace and beauty of the drawing, and the gorgeous framework of the hollow dome in which it is set, make a *coup d'œil* of extreme beauty."

The drawing-rooms of this mansion are no discredit to the dome, and the bed-rooms not only delight the eye, but *sachets* of perfume attached to the cornices lend the charm of fragrance to the apartments. Even the servants rooms excite the enthusiasm of the reporter. "These are," he informs us, "furnished in a fashionable way, and with every convenience desirable."

This modern Palace Beautiful is like the ancient one, inhabited by several charming ladies, and one of the masculine gender in addition to them.

Mesdames Woodhull and Claflin represent Charity and Prudence, and Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews assumes the role of the Interpreter.

This mansion, which is intended as a ladies' club house, is the realization of one of Miss Tennie Claflin's early visions, and within its gorgeous portals the Jenkins of the *World* assures us that Stephen Pearl Andrews will be associated with the ladies in making the club-house a court or centre of attraction for thinkers and reformers. His residence in this city has partaken of that character for many years, and in the present instance, Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin will add to such attractions the element of wealth, which, unhappily, has been one of the few attractions of which Mr. Andrews was destitute.

Mrs. Claflin, the mother of Miss Tennie, and Mrs. Woodhull received the reporter, and was so condescending, he tells us, as to say "she was happy to see him. She first led the way into the back parlor and wound up the large musical box which plays twelve tunes without stopping. Mrs. Claflin touched a spring, and the barrel immediately began to turn, producing the sweetest melody."

After the twelve tunes were all played, we conclude, Mrs. Claflin showed the young man all the wonders of the palace, and gave him an account of her daughter's "unsubstantial fabric of a dream" which has now taken shape and form in this new house of gold.

"You had better begin with the front parlor," said Mrs. Claflin. "Here it is right through this door. You see there are three entrances, two from the hall, and one from this lobby, which leads down to the dining-room. Don't walk through that large mirror, please! You think there is another large room off there, but it is only the reflection from this one. You see there are mirrors on all sides of you, so thick that it is almost impossible to judge of the direction of the room. Now, what do you think of this parlor? I don't think there is anything that can beat it, at any rate. And then you know, of course, we are not fixed up yet. This furniture amounts to nothing. But look here, I want to show you something! Did you ever see anything more beautiful than that cupola? See the beautiful stained glass, the carving, the panels, and the fine fresco-work. I often come up here and gaze at it for a long time, studying out the views, and flowers, and the angels. I don't think anything more splendid than that was ever seen in a private mansion like this. But, oh! you should see it at night, when the gas is lit above it, and the glass reflector throws the light down through it. I sometimes think it looks like heaven itself. I suppose it won't be lighted only on special occasions. The opening night it will look grand, I dare say.

I think this is the realization of Tennie's dream, when she dreamed that she should live in a house of gold. It was eight years ago. One evening she was kind of drowsy, and suddenly she roused up and said: "Oh, mamma, what did I see? I saw a beautiful house, with gold walls and doors, and many looking-glasses! Oh, mamma, what could it mean? I thought it was all mine, and that I was going to live in it. Oh, it was so beautiful and perfectly brilliant!" I tell you sir, when I came in here the first time I almost fainted, for as soon as I saw the beautiful walls and the mirrors I thought Tennie's vision had come to pass."

Jenkins of the *World* did not faint; he did something better. His stronger masculine soul enabled him to bear the strain upon his nerves, which had overcome Mrs. Claflin, and he relieved his excited imagination by the poetic description of their Palace Beautiful in a two-column prose poem in the *World*, to which we have only done partial justice.

Miss Eva, daughter of Judge J. T. Mills, has been appointed Preceptress in Latin in Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wis.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

A. G. W., a clever writer in the Boston Journal, has a long and well written article on the subject of the physical degeneracy of our American women, from which we make the following extracts, and regret that our space forbids our copying the entire article:

We lament the weakness and suffering of the women of our own time, but what must be the future of these bright-eyed, delicate little creatures now growing up around us, whose pale faces and subdued manner tell of more evening excitement, mental stimulus and social restraint than any generation before them ever knew? Their diet, their dress, their amusements, seem intended to weaken and destroy; and if American mothers were bent upon the slaughter of their own innocents, they could not devise a more effective manner for its accomplishment.

Boys in their early years suffer in the same way as girls from these pernicious customs of our domestic life, but they escape from them sooner, and their subsequent diversions are such as lead them into the open air and the sunshine. Playing ball, fishing, boating, hunting, driving, all tend to physical growth and well-being. In place of these, what is the girl taught to seek in leisure hours? Worsted work, crocheting, piano playing—pretty and fascinating employments—but serving to develop neither the body nor the mind.

We cross the Common on Fast day afternoon, and pause on the hill to survey the base-ball players, who are wielding their bats on the plain below, and running their bases as though their lives depended upon making a home run. Further on we encounter a surging mass of small urchins tossing a foot-ball, with wild shouts and frantic rushes. It is the nation's holiday, and we see that this leaping and screaming is good for the little fellows, and that thus they will best grow into men. But where are the girls meanwhile? In what spirited games are they strengthening their young limbs, throwing back their shoulders, and filling the deepest air-cells of their lungs with fresh oxygen? There glide a few of them along the trim paths, arrayed in their finest, most burdensome attire, with arms pinned to their sides like the wings of a trussed fowl, and turning neither to the right hand nor the left, as they move demurely past. They may glance aside to behold the wild sports of their brothers, but a proper sense of the lady-like and the becoming keeps them from moving at a faster pace, or discussing the scene before them in more animated tones. So they balance along on their high heels, holding parasols carefully in their glove-cramped hands, lest a drop of sunshine should touch their pallid cheeks. The greater number of their sisters are housed at home, hemming superfluous ruffles, or knitting tidies on which to lean their feeble heads.

Girls formerly had some out-door fun and jollity, but nearly all the active sports in which they were wont to indulge seem abandoned. Vigorous exercise in running was once gained by rolling a hoop; but now we seldom see, upon the uncrowded pavement, the pretty sight of a little fresh-cheeked maiden pursuing her flying circlet of wood. And "I spy" and "tag"—will this generation ever know such wild, hazardous pleasure as they gave? Whoever hears now the mystic rune of "Eeny, meeny, mony, mi," recited before a row of anxious damsels, all braced for a swift start when the last decisive syllable shall strike? Even the breathless and plodding agonies of "hop-scotch" served to delight us by the hour in those departed days; but its chalked diagram has vanished from our sidewalks. The pretty games of grace hoop and battle-door deserved immortality, but they too have gone out with all the other lost glories of childhood. We still see in fancy the suspended hoop fluttering with many colored ribbons, as it flew back and forth in the summer air; but it hangs faded and useless upon the wall of an old mansion, and no younger grandchildren learn to catch it on crossed wands. Strolling along the shade-dappled sward of the orchard or the lawn, we hear no longer the swift click of the shuttlecock beating against the ever-shifting battle-doors, nor behold the uplifted head, the eager eyes, the flushed cheeks of the two players, glowing with the exhilarating sport. More graceful games were never invented, and they strengthened the arms, trained the sight and expanded the chest; but, alas, they are no longer possible when our girls are encased in tight bodices, and can neither swing their arms freely, nor lift them above their heads.

The gymnastic evolutions, of late so much in favor in our schools, require girls to don a loose blouse for their performance, and, if no other advantage results, it is a good thing for them to be conscious twice a week of some freedom and comfort in dress. The varied posing of body and limbs which they require is certainly an improvement upon monotonous repose; but how much better is some active, enlivening game in the open air, where the movements are spontaneous and all the senses alive, than any methodical tossing of the bean-bags or concerted cracking of elbow joints under the eye of a calisthenic tutor.

INCREASE IN THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The policy of arming whole nations, whatever its merits, has, it is clear, one enormous drawback. It may, and, in the end we believe, will make wars more rare, but when they occur it will enormously increase their resulting horrors. So vast are the numbers which it compels Generals to handle, so direct is the tendency arising out of those masses for battles to become "pounding matches"—tactics on the field being actually impeded, as at Rezonville, by want of space—that the care of the wounded transcends any possible organization, and to be wounded means for the majority to die in lingering pain or under the sharp torture of thirst. Supposing, for example, what is extremely probable, that after Gravelotte and Rezonville there were 50,000 wounded on the ground around, what number of surgeons and attendants must an army carry to give them anything like effective aid, and transport them off the field, where, be it remembered, they cannot lie among the dead without dying from the effects of pestilence. The work must be done at once, within twenty-four hours, or thousands will expire of exhaustion and of thirst—that most terrible of all tortures to the sick—and done by one army only, for the other has retreated off the field. We believe that we do not overstate the case when we say that 500 surgeons and 10,000 men would not be too many for the work; or, to put it in another way, the removal of such a mass of wounded would be twice or thrice as difficult as that of two *corps d'armee* of the usual strength. No army possesses a medical organization of this magnitude, or could possess one, without an addition to its impediments which Generals would find unendurable, as endangering the very safety of their armies and the countries they defend. No hospitals, however extensive, could contain such crowds, and no army is yet in a position to furnish sufficient attendants, means of conveyance, appliances, or return transport to the cities selected as the depots for wounded. The Prussian organization is believed to be the best in the world; but it is strained till the King is compelled to ask leave for his wounded to pass through neutral territory, till the dead lie unburied for days, till correspondent after correspondent hints that "the wounded must be regarded as the dead." For all this while there are the regular "sick," the thousands who fall from disease, hardship, or accident, all to be attended—besides the dead, the horses as well as the men, to be buried, lest a worse thing befall. It is said in whispers that this worse thing has befallen Germany; that amidst this army, encamped in a graveyard studded with shambles, the foe of armies, the awful avenger of blood, the cholera, has appeared, and before that epidemic, human courage and energy are almost vain. If this be true—and the time is August and the food is bad, and the Germans sleep in the open air, and there have been torrents of rain, and the charnel-house vapor is floating over square miles of dead—there is before Metz a scene of misery, of suffering in its most heart-breaking forms, such as earth has not seen since Napoleon retreated from Moscow with the relics of half a million of men. Neither side give us a hint of their losses from disease, though an order for 30,000 woolen belts is ominous; but we noted before war was declared the special liability of Prussian troops to bowel-disease, and every army surgeon knows what happens when hundreds of thousands of ill-fed men, without tents, without brandy, without morphia, are hurried by forced marches under a summer sun. We venture to say that, in this campaign of twenty days, the losses, including dead, wounded, and sent to the hospital to die there, have exceeded 150,000 men; that the entire adult manhood of two cities like Glasgow, or of 900 populous villages, has been prostrated.

The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "forbade you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! have you not allied yourself in marriage to about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call him an actor."

BEGGING BY THE GROSS OR SINGLE DOZEN.—A lady traveling in England this summer saw a man with a wife and twelve children, all piously labeled: "Feed my Lambs."

Queen Victoria has to pay her postage like other folks, and has not the privilege of franking one letter.

Extracts.

JACKSON'S MOTHER.

An anecdote relative to his parting from his mother in his outset in life illustrates this as prominent in the attributes of his nature at that time. The writer heard him narrate this after his return from Washington, when his last term in the Presidential office had expired.

When about to emigrate to Tennessee, the family were residing in the neighborhood of Greensboro, N. C.

"I had," said he, "contemplated this step for some months, and had made arrangements to do so, and at length had obtained my mother's consent to it. All my worldly goods were a few dollars in my purse, some clothes in my saddle-bags, a pretty good horse, saddle and bridle. The country to which I was going was comparatively a wilderness, and the trip a long one, beset by many difficulties, especially from the Indians. I felt, and so did my mother, that we were parting forever. I knew she would not recall her promise; there was too much spunk in her for that, and this caused me to linger a day or two longer than I had intended.

"But the time came for the painful parting. My mother was a little, dumpy, red-headed Irish woman. 'Well, mother, I am ready to leave, and must say farewell.' She took my hand, and, pressing it, said 'farewell,' and her emotion choked her.

"Kissing at meetings and partings in that day was not so common as now. I turned from her, and walked rapidly to my horse.

"As I was mounting him she came out of the cabin wiping her eyes with her apron, and came to the getting-over place at the fence. 'Andy,' said she (she always called me Andy), 'you are going to a new country, and among a rough people. You will have to depend on yourself, and cut your own way through the world. I have nothing to give but a mother's advice. Never tell a lie, nor take what is not your own, nor sue anybody for slander nor assault and battery. *Always settle them cases yourself.*' I promised, and I have tried to keep that promise. I rode off some two hundred yards to a turn in the path, and looked back; she was still standing at the fence and wiping her eyes. I never saw her after that." Those who knew him best will testify to his fidelity to this last promise made his mother."

SCARRON'S MARRIED LIFE.

In 1846, when he was thirty-six years of age, Scarron, a cripple for life through disease and medicine, went to Paris. For three years before this he had been in possession of some clerical post at Mans, the duties of which, I suppose, some one else performed. Nor do we know why he gave it up. A lawsuit against his step-mother had turned out badly; but this was only a stronger reason, one would think, for keeping what he had. However, if he was poor before, he was now destitute, and had to work hard enough at his three ways of making money—writing poetry, dedications, and begging-letters. All these paid. His poetry brought him money, his dedications brought him pensions, and his begging brought him gifts. So he went on—the greatest and most importunate beggar ever known—for fourteen years, till he died. When he was about forty-two he made the acquaintance of Françoise d'Aubigné, then seventeen years old. She was horribly poor. Her father had died some years before, and she had recently lost her mother. Life looked very terrible to the poor girl, when Scarron, out of the goodness of his heart, and a tender pity which she at least knew how to value, offered her all he could. He would give her a sufficient *dot* to enable her to enter a convent; or he would give her an asylum in his own house as his wife. She chose the latter, and married the *pauvre estropié*. This marriage is the most touching thing in the life of Scarron. When the notary asked what dowry the bride brought, Scarron replied: "Deux grands yeux mutins, un tres-beau corsage, une paire de belles mains, et beaucoup d'esprit." "And what settlement do you make upon her?" "Immortality." Perhaps the immortality that the wife of Scarron got from her first husband was paled in the eyes of some by that greater splendor which she derived from her second husband; for Madame Veuve Scarron became Madame De Maintenon, wife of the Grand Monarque.

As wife of the poor crippled poet, she performed her part of the contract well. She introduced order and decency into the *menage*. She tamed the wild talk of the *salon*, and kept it within bounds, meeting the rough jokes of the unbridled wits with an *esprit* of her own that soon reduced them. More than all, she smoothed his last years, and softened, as well as she could, the agonies that racked his tortured frame; and, in an age when conjugal infidelity was the *mode*, she was proud enough to preserve her reputation. "Il n'y a rien," she would say in after years, and under even more trying difficulties, "de plus habile qu'une conduite irréprochable." She was tempted by her frailer sisters. Ninon de l'Enclos took her in hand, but gave her up in despair. "She was too *gauche*," Ninon said.

Scarron's married life lasted eight years, when he died of a hiccough, on which he promised to write a very fine satire if he ever got over it. The hiccough, however, was too strong for him, and the satire was never given to the world. He had taken the precaution to write his own epitaph. Is it too well known to be quoted? Let us try it, at least, "newly done into English:"

"No foolish envy waste on him
Who sleeps this stone beneath;
Death's pangs he felt a thousand times
Ere yet he suffered death.
Hush! traveler; let no footstep's fall
The sacred stillness break;
'Tis the first night poor Scarron sleeps;
Tread lightly—lest he wake."

LANGUAGE.

All the virtues of language are, in their roots, moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; pleasant, if he has sense of rythm and order. There are no other virtues of language producible by art than these.

And of yet greater importance is it to know that every beauty possessed by the language of a nation is significant of the innermost laws of its being. Keep the temper of the people stern and manly; make their associations grave, courteous, and for worthy objects; occupy them in just deeds, and their tongue must needs be a grand one. Nor is it possible, therefore—observe the necessary reflected action—that any tongue should be a noble one, of which the words are not so many trumpet-calls to action. All great languages invariably utter great things, and command them; they cannot be mimicked but by obedience; the breath of them is inspiration, because it is not only vocal, but vital; and you can only learn to speak as these men spoke, by becoming what these men were.—*Ruskin.*

THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

One of the greatest failings in the character of the Chinese is the want of respect for woman; and the main defect in their unique and wonderful civilization, and indeed the chief hindrance to their progress to a more enlightened life, is the want of her influence in shaping and controlling the sentiments and customs of Chinese society. She has no social position or influence. Her condition is but one step above that of a slave. She is regarded, as she is in fact, a tool for man's pleasure or convenience, and as greatly inferior to him in all respects. She is not cultivated, in our sense of the term. Her face is utterly blank of intelligence or refinement. Very rarely, indeed, is that chaste and delicate feeling, and tender, thoughtful sentiment, which is the crowning glory of the women of England, seen sleeping in her features, or flashing from her eyes, or sparkling from her lips; but the whole contour and expression of her face is painfully stolid and repulsive, and has in it more of the type of the animal than the angel.

GENERAL SPINNER'S CAMP.

A correspondent of the *Sun* recently paid a flying visit to General Spinner's pleasant summer camp, at a place called High Island, near the banks of the Potomac. Here the kindly Secretary entertains batches of the young women connected with his department, giving them those opportunities for out-door air and exercise in the midst of beautiful scenery which these sedentary occupations render so essential to health during the sultry dog-days, and which, perhaps, in many cases, their limited purses would not allow them to secure for themselves. Often as many as thirty of these employes of the Treasury are assembled there at one time. The picture given of Camp Halcyon itself is very alluring:

"Here are no hotels, no stores, no dwellings. There is not a house on any one of its many acres of solid ground. But when the summer comes it puts on the appearance of an improvised city. Large tents are pitched upon the ridge which commands an extensive view of the broad river and the dark hills on the Virginia side; canvas shelters are thrown up here and there; hammocks are swung, flags flung out, and by the 15th of June, as was the case this year, the camp holds a happy garrison of from twenty to fifty."

The description of the costumes shows that if rational ideas of dress have fled from Saratoga and Long Branch, they have found a kindly welcome on the banks of the Potomac:

The costumes worn at Camp Halcyon were of the most independent character. There was not a chignon to be seen within the lines, and not a hoop except those on the provision barrels and on a remarkable-looking and seemingly inexhaustible keg in close proximity to the ice-box. No trains swept the walks; there were no flounces, no furbelows, none of those unpronounceable things without the existence of which, one could not write a readable fashion article. As to the ladies' toilets, they were extremely simple, and I can truthfully say as much for the gentlemen's. Gen. Spinner wore a skull cap, a threadbare black coat, and a pair of drab trousers turned up at the bottom. One of the fishermen sported about three-fourths of a straw hat and a coat much like Mr. Greeley's old one. He was a sort of puss-in-boots to me when I first saw him, for he was hidden up to the waist of him in ponderous cowhide, and gloried in a fierce moustache. This was the unfortunate fisherman who had come home empty-handed. The other was encased in a funny bob-tailed coat and a necktie of crimson silk. When I caught sight of that coat and had taken in a fair estimate of its dimensions, more especially its reach between collar and braid-line, I was reminded of those unhappy elders of Israel whom Hanun, King of the Ammonites, punished by curtailing their skirts; and then I ventured to wonder whether any of those abbreviated garments had ever crossed to our continent with the Lost Tribes, and been handed down through successive generations to deck a part of the form of a modern amateur fisherman in this year of grace on the banks of the Potomac.

The Crown Princess of Prussia has come to the assistance of the wives and families of those who are now obliged to serve in the army. Not content with providing remunerative employment for those who reside in Potsdam, she has given orders that twenty families shall be furnished four times a week with good soup and meat from the kitchen of her farm at Bornstadt. For those who have lately become mothers a special diet is furnished from the kitchen of the new palace. The Princess satisfies herself by personal inspection that her orders are properly carried out.

Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, who made her first appearance as a lecturer last winter, has prepared a new lecture for the coming season, entitled "The Perils of the Hour." She will also repeat the sketch of Charlotte Bronte, with which she made her *debut*.

POLITENESS AT THE POLLS.

The following extract from a letter of a participant in the recent election in Wyoming Territory is valuable, in so far as it completely disproves the often-repeated assertion that the sights and scenes around the ballot-box on election day would deter modest women from venturing to the polls. And it also shows what has been reiterated time and again by the great advocates of the cause, i. e. that a woman's skirt is the besom appointed to sweep clean the vile path to the ballot-box. Republicans and Democrats alike can afford to take off their hats to a washerwoman when they know that she holds a vote in her hand:

"I walked up to the polls, and voted as though I had been "to the manor born." You ought to have seen the hats lifted and the crowd fall back and leave the way open for Mrs. A. and myself to get to the voting window. The gentlemen were remarkably polite; the Democrats thought we would vote their ticket, as Mrs. A. is a Democrat, and the Republicans thought we would vote their ticket, and I tore off the Congressman's name from mine, as I did not care about commencing my 'political career' with voting for a sot. But contrary to the expectation of nearly all the party, he was elected by a large majority.

I never before was so much pleased over the result of an election as I have been over this, for the Democrats were confident of success. Carriages for the ladies ran all day. One came for me in the morning, but as I was not ready, the gentleman accompanying it said he would call again immediately after dinner. But I preferred walking, as I did not intend returning directly home. My husband and some others were dissatisfied because their man was not nominated, and declared they would not work to have such a man as Jones elected; but toward evening, when the Democrats commenced getting desperate, these men might have been seen hurrying up a carriage for my washerwoman, and hunting up all the Republican women they could hear of.

MASSACHUSETTS WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

As we go to press, the Convention, the call for which we publish herewith, takes place in Boston. We shall have something more to say of it in next week's issue, and in the meantime we give our friends God speed:

The friends of WOMEN SUFFRAGE, men and women of Massachusetts, are invited to meet in MASS CONVENTION in Boston, at Tremont Temple, on Thursday, September 29th, at 10 A. M., to consider our political duties in the coming Campaign.

JULIA WARD HOWE, President.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D. D.,
LUCY STONE,
MARY E. SARGENT,
JACOB M. MANNING, D. D.,
H. B. BLACKWELL,
MARY A. LIVERMORE,
} Committee.

The *Herald* notices the fact that "We do not hear so much of that phrase of the woman movement which treats of the ballot as we used to a few months ago; but the fact that by unanimous election a female compositor has been chosen a member of the men's typographical union in Washington, is referred to as proof that the true principle of the woman's rights movement—the right to a wider field of employment and to men's wages for men's work—is steadily gaining favor and acceptance."

Perhaps it is hardly to be expected that the *Herald* should see just how the struggle for the ballot underlies this whole subject. The propulsive power of a great principle is often felt while the principle itself is not discerned. As soon as women teachers in our public schools are able to vote themselves salaries equal to the salaries of men, they will get equal pay for equal work, but the probabilities are not before.

HORTICULTURAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN AT NEWTON CENTRE.

The Visiting Director for the month of August begs leave to report as follows:—During the three months since the commencement of the school much has been accomplished.

The land was not ploughed until after the 20th of May, when the young ladies, five in number, put in the seeds for the vegetable garden; and, with the exception of the first hoeing of the potatoes, they have taken the entire care of the garden. The success of their labors can be judged by the fact that they have not only supplied their own table with eight or ten varieties of excellent vegetables, but have also made sales to parties outside the school.

A small propagating house has been erected, which was a much-needed facility. From cuttings, the pupils have raised, and now have for sale, fifteen hundred plants of various kinds; and they have been wonderfully successful, even with those varieties which are the most difficult of propagation.

One fact will be interesting, especially to those persons who have been somewhat doubtful upon the point, viz., that young women, in out-door work, are able to endure the severe heat of summer. Surely, after the experiment of the present season, the question may be considered settled. With the exception of four or five days, our pupils have worked out of doors, and there is but one opinion among them in regard to the healthfulness of their employment. A mother of one of the young ladies bears testimony to the good health of her daughter.

It is exceedingly gratifying to your committee to be able to mention the intense interest which the pupils manifest in their studies and their work. Every day they listen to a lecture upon some specialty connected with their out-door exercises; and besides this lecture, which is given by the regular teacher, weekly lectures upon entomology and botany are given by Prof. Russell. Already sale has been found for plants and flowers, one person taking all we can supply until next spring. We report three pupils to be added to the school the coming month.

The committee gratefully acknowledge the receipt, during the past month, of several volumes of books and copies of papers. The editors of *Mass. Ploughman*, *Country Gentleman* and *New England Farmer* kindly sends us their papers.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. FRANK B. FAY,
Visitor for the month of August.

—*Christian Register.*

A SHOUT FROM S. B. A.

All hail! glorious women of Wyoming! Who shall dare say that women wouldn't vote if they could? Not the New York *Tribune*, sure!! Two years from now, Wyoming women will vote for a woman to represent them in Congress. Ho, for Wyoming, the banner territory! Which shall be the banner State? Kansas or Iowa? The glory may yet come to Kansas, if her Legislature, the coming session, will but submit the proposition to the voters. Failing to do so, Iowa will take the lead in 1872. Now is your opportunity, Kansas!

S. B. A.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

The *Banner of Light*, published in St. Louis, declares that public sentiment is setting very strongly against the law which was recently enacted in that city, the effect of which is to legalize the shameful business which is a disgrace to our boasted civilization.

The sense of justice of the people of St. Louis is also revolted by an attempt to trample the poor, wretched and degraded women of the town under foot, while their male partners in guilt, and the men who have made them what they are, go unpunished.

The *Banner of Light* well says:

"It will prove at last, as we have often stated, that the only remedy for this and scores of other social and sexual evils is to make woman equal to man before the law in every department of life, with equal compensation for labor, and her share of the property; and the same, with the same rights, in matrimony as out of it. Not one in twenty of these women would follow this reckless and destructive life, nor would one in ten ever commence it, if they had the property that rightly belongs to them. While the men hold seven-eighths of the property, woman has earned and is honestly entitled to one-half; and while man makes all the laws, and executes them upon her, and without consulting her, how can she be expected to rise from her degraded condition, or to be purified from the social and sexual vices that infect our large cities? There is no use in poulticing this old sore; its feeders must be cut off. Raw material must be directed into other channels, and subsistence provided by other means, before the victims are involved in this reckless dissipation. We cannot look upon the females as more disgraced than the men who patronize them, and morally as far better than those who talk loudly against them in the daytime and visit them at night.

Under the caption of *Rebellious*, the New York *Democrat* copies the following item from the *Woman's Journal*:

"Never marry a man whose manner or speech or principle hints at the idea that he is to be the "master" of his wife. A "master" who is an employer you can quit on due notice, and try another; but quitting a husband, even for reasons that earth and heaven will justify, is serious and disastrous business. Marry a husband—not a "master."

This is certainly excellent advice, but we can see no hint of rebellion in it. Probably no woman ever married a man with the expectation of becoming his slave, though many a wife has found, to her cost, that she had ignorantly entered upon that relation, and that the chain of wedlock was no idle metaphor.

Had the *Woman's Journal* advised revolt, or attempt at escape, under such circumstances, its counsel might have been construed into insubordination. But we see no hint of such teachings in this item. Be just, good *Democrat*. The *Woman's Journal* counsels prevention, but offers no prescription of rebellion as a cure.

We notice with pleasure the appearance of a novel little sheet which hails from Syracuse, and is published in French and English, called *Le Citoyen Americain*. The fourth number of this new aspirant for public favor is before us. It is devoted to education, literature, reform, temperance, and progress. The English portion of the paper does not show a thorough knowledge of our language on the part of the editor; but this is a fault which may be easily rectified by aid of a good assistant. There is something comical in the efforts of so small a sheet to grapple with such mighty interests; but we sincerely hope our little friend may always be truculent, plucky, fearless, and successful.

WOMEN LAWYERS.

The New York *Times* has an article called "Woman in the Forum," in which it says:

"Of all the novel pursuits to which women have been led under the inspiration of progress, or whatever other agency has lured them from familiar, if homely, ways of kitchen and nursery, the law seems the one best adapted to their abilities and most promising of ultimate distinction. In the ministry they seem a trifle out of place. In medicine they seem to have a better claim, for they are natural born nurses and apothecaries. But here, again, there may be difficulties, which we need not dwell on, but which are no less patent now than when Margaret Brandt found them insurmountable in the days of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. For services in war women have always been shown to possess a special aptitude."

After enumerating Lemma Barkuloo, who was admitted to the privileges of the St. Louis bar, Miss Phoebe Cozzens in training for the same goal, and Mrs. Myra P. Bradwell who is making heroic efforts to get herself admitted to practice in Illinois, the writer adds:

"So far as we know, this completes the list of acknowledged aspirants for forensic honors in the United States. Why the number should be so small we are at a loss to understand. Of female doctors and divines, brokers and barbers, politicians and publicists and editors, we have not a few; only of the one career which seems to offer them greater results than all of these, they seem unaccountably regardless. Perhaps it is too soon to look for so thorough an emancipation from older superstitions as any general movement of women to jurisprudence would betoken."

A contemporary makes a paragraph designed to be witty, although the wit fails rather drearily of its mark concerning Mrs. Myra A. Bradwell, editor of *The Legal News*, who has been refused admission to the bar of Illinois:

"Refused, too, because *she* is a woman, and is not, according to the precepts of Blackstone and the unwritten English law, recognized separate from her husband. The dauntless disciple of Kent, filled with an Amazonian resolution, does not take the stereotyped statutory "no" for answer, and carries her case to the more elevated and enlightened atmosphere of the Supreme Court, and calmly awaits an opportunity to argue her own cause before the fog administrators of rural law in the Western countries. At the preliminary hearing a writ of error was granted, and the case is definitively called for final settlement. Mrs. Myra so far has rather the better of her legal restrainers, as the action already taken brings her under cognizance of the Civil Rights act, and the natural sequence of that it is not difficult to see. The action so far recognizes the plaintiff as a citizen, and of course a citizen cannot be deprived of rights under the Constitution for any cause save crime.

These amusing allusions to "Amazonian resolution," etc., do not detract from the value and meaning of Mrs. Bradwell's effort. John Stuart Mill has somewhere said, though not in these words, that the influence of one individual protest is greater than that of dozens of written tomes.

When the efforts of Mrs. Bradwell and others like her have opened the courts of Illinois to all women who wish to practice law within that State, funny penny-a-liner's will forget to sneer. But it is to be hoped that those who reap a lasting benefit will not forget to give honor where honor is due.

"The Cleveland *Herald* thinks the marriage service should be changed to read: 'Who dares take this woman?' and the groom shall answer, 'I dare.'"

There are also some occasions where it might be changed to read, "Then the minister shall say, who dares throw away this woman upon this man?"

A female cabinet-maker graces the census tables of Iowa.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CELEBRATION.

The twentieth anniversary of the inauguration of the Woman Suffrage Movement in this country will be celebrated in Apollo Hall, in the city of New York, on the 20th and 21st of October, 1870.

The movement in England, as in America, may be dated from the first National Convention, held at Worcester, Mass., October, 1850. The July following that convention a favorable criticism of its proceedings and an able digest of the whole question appeared in the *Westminster Review*, written by Mrs. John Stuart Mill, which awakened attention in both hemispheres. In the call for that convention the following subjects for discussion were presented: Woman's right to EDUCATION, *Literary, Scientific, and Artistic;* Her VOCATIONS, *Industrial, Commercial, and Professional;* Her INTERESTS, *Pecuniary, Civil, and Political;* in a word, HER RIGHTS as an *Individual*, and her FUNCTIONS as a *Citizen*.

It is hoped that the Old and the New World will both be largely represented by the earlier advocates of this reform, who will bring with them reports of progress and plans for future action. An extensive foreign correspondence will also add interest to the meetings. We specially invite the presence of those just awakening to an interest in this great movement, that from a knowledge of the past they may draw fresh inspiration for the work of the future, and fraternize a generation now rapidly passing away.

As those who inaugurated a reform so momentous and far-reaching in its consequences, held themselves above all party considerations and personal antagonisms, and as this gathering is to be in no way connected with either of our leading woman suffrage organizations, we hope that the friends of real progress everywhere will come together and unitedly celebrate this twentieth anniversary of a great national movement for freedom. Prompt answer requested.

Committee of Arrangements:—Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Samuel J. May, Sarah Pugh, Ernestine L. Rose, C. I. H. Nichols.

On behalf of the committee,

PAULINA W. DAVIS, Chairman.

We learn from Mrs. Davis that she is receiving many letters from friends of the cause expressing their interest in the coming commemorative meeting, and assuring her of their cordial co-operation.

Special Notices.

AN ENEMY IN YOUR MOUTH.—Do not put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your teeth. Beware of destructive tooth washes, and tooth powders, many of which are base imitations of *Sozodont*. Insure a life lease of sound teeth and fragrant breath, by adopting the fragrant *Sozodont*.

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In *General Debility and Nervous Complaints* its use will be the source of new life, new hope, new pleasures.

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THE LATE JOHN SIMMONS.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—HIS LONG CHERISHED DESIGN—THE SCOPE OF HIS BEQUEST.

Mr. Simmons came to Boston in his sixteenth year from Little Compton, Rhode Island, where he was born in October, 1796.—His brother, Cornelius B. Simmons, had preceded him, and established a small clothing business in the little store on Ann street, which is now amplified into the large establishment of his son, Mr. Geo. W. Simmons. In this little store, no bigger than its present counting-room, Mr. Simmons began his business life in company with his brother, with whom he remained five years. At the age of twenty-one he went into business for himself in a store on the opposite side of Ann street. He subsequently moved to North Market street, and as his business increased, in 1840 he opened a clothing store in a section of Quincy Hall above Quincy Market. He was the pioneer dealer in ready-made clothing, a trade in which Boston has always maintained the first place, and was one of the first, if not the very first, to adopt the "one price" system. His business grew very rapidly. In two years he hired another section of Quincy Hall, and in 1848, finding his accommodations there entirely inadquate, and being subjected to some trouble by having to move out once in three years, on account of the holding of the Charitable Mechanic Association Fair, he purchased the site at the corner of Congress and Water streets in 1849, and erected the building known as "Simmons Block," into which he moved his business in that year, and which is part of the property devised to the college. In 1854, having accumulated a fortune which was deemed a large one in the years before the war, he retired from the clothing business, and devoted himself to the purchase and improvement of real estate; it is very probable that his benevolent purpose was conceived about this time.

Mr. Simmons was a man of close business habits, and applied himself to the management of his affairs with great persistency. He was genial in nature and fond of social intercourse, but he seldom confided his plans to others. He was naturally a very kind-hearted man, and performed many acts of charity which were known to few. Unostentatious in all things, he never sought or held public office, though he was once captain of a militia company, and for a time was known as Captain Simmons. He was always straightforward and scrupulously just in his transactions, and when he made a friend, the friendship was a lasting one.

The beneficent purpose of his life grew out of his business observations. As a manufacturer of ready-made clothing he had occasion to employ great numbers of workwomen, and he early became acquainted with the needs of this class, which has grown to be very numerous in the city and vicinity. He found that they were incapacitated for their labor by their lack of training. He was constantly beset with applications for work from those who were unable to sew a single seam properly, and he saw much of the suffering among the class of destitute needle-women which it became the object of his life to mitigate. He was at once convinced of the uselessness of charity in relieving them from the difficulties and evils which oppressed them. He saw that it was industrial education which they needed, and determined to devote his fortune to the foundation of an institution for the purpose, which should supply young and indigent girls with a practical training in some of the pursuits of art, science, or industry, by which they might be enabled to get a living. And for this purpose he planned and toiled constantly during the last ten years of his life.

Always frugal in his habits and style of living, he continued to practice self-denial and self-sacrifice in the latter years of his life, when his rapidly accumulating fortune and the fashions of the day would have warranted a freer personal expenditure. Yet he never was penurious, and never ceased to enjoy the pleasures of rural life at his country home in Little Compton, which he spent much of his time in beautifying, and where his death occurred. He used to visit the home of his boyhood frequently in his later years, and often sought new health and strength in the sports of hunting and fishing, to which he was attached.

Mr. Simmons would have gladly witnessed the operation of his benevolent plan during his life, but he never considered the amount of his property sufficient to endow properly such an institution as he proposed to found. He has, therefore, left the execution of his purpose to others, and the responsibility is certainly great. The property is valued at $1,400,000, and will accumulate till it shall have reached $1,900,000 before the work of erecting buildings will be begun, so that the gift really will amount to the latter sum. The time when the institution will begin to take outward form cannot be determined at present, but it is understood that funds will accumulate very rapidly. The buildings will probably be erected somewhere in the suburbs. It is quite possible that the State may be induced to assume a share in the care and management of the "college." The details of the plan, so far as they are decided upon, are contained in the statement of the will. During the later years of his life Mr. Simmons often consulted with Mr. Brooks, one of the trustees, upon the subject, and there can be little doubt that his intentions will be faithfully carried out.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

We are sorry that the *Sunday Times* has so poor an opinion of one of our foremost female novelists as to say:

"We have no special liking for Mrs. Stowe. We regard her as an exaggerated humbug in literature."

How severe are such criticisms upon a writer. How merciless some men are to women!

Washington, D. C.—Miss Mary C. Green, of Ohio, employed as compositor in the office of the public printer, has been, by unanimous vote, admitted to membership in the Columbia Typographical Union.

Kate Fields is in Boston, at her residence on Joy street, finishing up her lectures for the approaching season, for which she has upwards of one hundred engagements.

Miss Cary, the celebrated Boston vocalist, who has been in Europe for a year or two, is expected home by her friends in a few days.

The late James T. Brady once remarked that his experience among clients convinced him that a man's wife was his best lawyer.

Publisher's Department.

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It leaves no disagreeable odor.

LOSS OF HAIR.

BOSTON, July 19.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.: For many months my hair has been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed.

I commenced the use of your Cocoaine the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared, the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair.

Yours, very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

EAST MIDDLEBORO', MASS., June 9, 1864.

Messrs. Burnett & Co.: My daughter has been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used during that time many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly, that in October, 1861, it all came off.

She was induced to try your Cocoaine, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with a fine young hair. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft, and fine, and of a darker color than formerly.

With respect, WILLIAM S. EDDY.

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Two	"	"	"	"	"	"	4	"	12 "
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Four	"	"	"	"	"	"	8	"	46 "
Five	"	"	"	"	"	"	10	"	58 "
etc.,			etc.,			etc			etc.

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21	26.15	20 "	523.00	477.00	1000.00
27	31.12	18 "	560.16	439.84	1000.00
33	37.46	16 "	579.36	420.64	1000.00
39	45.76	14 "	640.64	359.36	1000.00
45	57.01	12 "	684.12	295.88	1000.00
51	72.97	10 "	729.70	270.30	1000.00
or, varying the Annual Premium and the number of years.					
14	$50.44	13 years	$655.72	$344.28	$1000.00
20	56.47	12 "	677.64	322.36	1000.00
26	63.62	11 "	699.82	300.18	1000.00
32	72.76	10 "	727.60	272.40	1000.00
38	82.87	9 "	745.83	254.17	1000.00
44	96.23	8 "	769.84	230.16	1000.00
50	113.46	7 "	794.23	205.78	1000.00

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